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Pindarique O D E,
ON THE
B I R T H
Of the YOUNG
PRINCE
O F
W A L E S.

By CALEB CALLE, Gent.

Licensed July 9th. 1688. R. P.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Randal Taylor near Stationers-Hall. 1688.



E T S A D
D E C O N V I
H O M E R - P
E A W

A PINDARIQUE ODE On the BIRTH of the Young PRINCE.

I.

TIS come, the Mighty Blessing's come,
Heav'n heard the Prayers of our *Isle* :
And now both Heav'n and Earth together Smile,
And sent the beneficial Blessing home.

Some *Angel* with Triumphant Wings,
To the whole Nation Joyful *Requiem* sings,
And to far distant Shores the Message brings.
Happy those Lands whose Sacred Monarchs are
The Favourites of Heav'n's peculiar Care :
All things on Earth do to their Scepters bow,
And Gods above smile on their *Wills* below !
Some mighty business must (say they) be done,
We must our Choicest Moulds prepare
To cast some *Demi-God*, some wondrous Son
To be (almost like *Jove*) three Kingdoms Heir.

A Princely *HERO* must be Born
The Ancient *Brittish Line* t' adorn,
To prop and spread the *Royal Name* ;
In Lands remote, t' advancee its Fame

As

As far as *Ganges* is beyond the *Thame*.

May peaceful thoughts Lodge in the Mothers Breast,

Thoughts Still, and Calm, as an *Heleyons Nest*,

And when her Eyes her Princeely Babe shall View,

May all surprizing Joys ensue;

Joys more than humane, and for ever New.

I I.

May all th' auspicious marks of Gallantry

Imprinted on his Royal Outside be;

Then, let a beautiful, and comely Grace,

Shine through each Feature of his Face,

To manifest he's more than humane Race:

A sweet, yet a Majestick *Mien*,

That, as a Prince, his Subjects should outshine;

So should his make, and shape be all Divine:

Minerva too, shall shovre down

Her Blessing on his budding Crown,

To his sweet Looks she shall impart

A Valiant and *Heroick* Heart,

That at the Face of Danger scorns to start:

Renown'd and famous shall he be,

For Arts of Arms, and Chivalry;

His Fathers Banners he shall soon advance,

With thundering musick and a martial Dance,

Fearing no frowns, nor need the help of chance.

He

VIII.

He like another *Hercules* with ease
 To death, shall all unnatural Serpents squeeze ;
 In vain they hiss, in vain they Roar ;
 Their Venom they shall shed no more ;
 His Conquering Arm shall soon subdue
Tecelite Turks, and homebred Jews,
 Such as our Great forefathers never knew.
 In his victorious Ensigns shall he wear
 The *Cross*, the Sacred Badge of *Christendome*,
 The *Cross*, that all our Battles past hath won,
 The Earnest of our Victories to come.
 Worse Dragons shall that *Mystick Trophee* quell,
 Than by St. George e're fell,
 Passions, and Lusts, and Sparks of Hell,
 That 'gainst the Nobler Part Rebel.
 His Glory like the unwear'y'd Sun,
 From *Pole* to *Pole* shall Run :
 And Tributary Kings shall Come,
 With Gold, and Incense, and *Arabian Gum*,
 And to his Royal Scepter bow,
 And dazl'd with his Glory, Vow,
 They ne're beheld a Prince so rare,
 So like the Second *James* for War,
 For Wisdom *James* the First, the Second *Solomon*.

IV.

Who then can say that Wonders are no more,
 And Miracles long since giv'n o're,
 What Chains of Wonders have we seen,
 What Miracles have lately been,
 On that for ever Lamentable Day
 When at the stake three helpless Kingdoms lay,
 When the whole *Isle* with storms was toss'd,
 When it the *best* of *Kings*, and *Fathers* lost,
 What Plagues, what Desolation did ensue,
 What dire confusions did we view!
 Triumphant *Babel* then bore sway,
 Men knew not how, nor whom to obey.
 How did the trembling Nation lye,
 In a Convulsive Agony,
 Quite senseless, and about to expire?
 And it had dy'd, had not the Royal Line
 Been kept alive by Power Divine,
 And *Phænix-Charles* and *James* Rose from their Fathers Pyre.

V. *The* *Devil* *has* *bloD* *in* *W*
 VVhen Sons of *Belial* do combine
 In some tremendous black design,
 Deeper than Hell, and think to overthrow
 Kings, and Kingdoms at a blow,
 Heaven then prepares a Countermine:
 A sure, tho' unexpected providence
 Hovering waits for their Defence,

The

The happy Monument *Newmarket* stands,
 A Sacred, and *Prophetick Flame!*
 Traytors had *Royal Blood* prepar'd,
 But Heav'n the *Royal Victim* spar'd;
 Mercy their *Curst Design* o'recame,
 Heav'n spar'd the *Isaac* and prepar'd a *Ram.*
 The guiltless Town in ashes lies
 And falls the unthought on *Sacrifice;*

V I.

So Heav'n the same Face of Mercy wore.
 When on the treacherous *Leman-Oar,*
 Th' unhappy *Glocester* struck,
 Long did she with the waves contend,
 But they prov'd *Victors* in the end:
 The Mariners distract'd Cries
 Rend the Melancholly Skies:
 In hast their trembling knos they bend,
 And hearty, tho' confused Prayers send
 For some *Angelick friend*
 The *Royal Cargo* to defend,
 Heav'n heard,
 And tho' each Object horror shew'd,
 Great *James* with a *Cœlest Guard,*
 Bold and undaunted stood
 And brav'd the fury of the flood:
 Troops of *Hero's* by his side,
 Like lesser Stars dropt down and dy'd, Whiles

Whilst he a Tear or two let fall
To mourn, and to Inrich their Funeral.

VIII.

Return my Muse, and once more strike thy Lyre,

Kindle a soft, and peaceful fire,

Let Plots and dangers for a while retire;

Welcome Illustrious Infant, now we View

The Joy of Men, and Angels too;

Welcome as is to Misers wealth,

Or to despairing Sinners health,

As Life to men rais'd from the Dead,

As Heav'n to a Soul just fled.

How much admir'd shall Albion be,

When other Nations shall her blessing see!

What props are to the Royal Cedar rear'd,

To render it at once belov'd and fear'd?

No more shall factious discords sway,

Nor Point to Anarchy the unhappy way;

Peace shall her beauteous face put on,

And Unity once more ascend the Throne;

Since all are blessings in such a Prince as he,

May all in an united Love agree;

Oh may the happy Reformation come,

That those that would exclude the Father, now may love the Son.

F I N I S.